

and more; the calls for preaching grow more incessant, and we are praying the Lord to send more laborers into the harvest. The lack of workers, or rather the means to support them, is really the most discouraging condition we have to face in California or anywhere else. The "Gospel Alone" doctrine makes friends wherever it goes, and I am sure it would win its thousands of adherents if we could only carry it to them. But with the great apostle we try to "forget those things which are behind, and reaching out to those things which are before, we press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." No more devoted Brethren are to be found anywhere than are here in this great state. This encourages me to believe that the church will grow. In fact it must, for it is founded on the eternal rock of God's truth. The storms of opposition may buffet it, the plotting of evil men may retard it, but it will live until the church militant becomes the church triumphant in the kingdom of God above. Then the wrongs which have here been perpetrated shall be righted, and the faithful workers in California and anywhere shall rest from their labors on the bosom of his Lord.

Lathrop, Calif.

STRONG DRINK IS DANGEROUS.

CHLOE M. LISKEY.

From out of the ages coming down through the dim corridors of time there comes to the hardened ears of a stupid world a voice charged with a prophetic warning: "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging." Basking in the genial sunshine of an enlightened era glorying in the rights of freedom, yet from a noble band of workers we hear an echo: "Look not thou upon the wine." Wherever the average American has traveled, and in his intercourse with a foreign brother, he boasts of his heightened Christianity at home. Envious ears drink in his eloquence, and ready feet have followed him on his homeward sail, and many are today casting wishful eyes toward our free soil.

Now we do not mean to protest against the praise and commendations our country receives. Not by any means, for no wealth of monuments or cathedrals can content us like the joyous free air and moral liberty of our own country. Yet—and the little word looms up before us like a pirate ship at sea—our Christianity is not perfect. Although we stand first as Christian workers, on every hand we see evil-featured spirits reach through with grimy fingers and stir up dormant passions of the nation. We see, too, the tracks of

the dreadful curse of strong drink all over our land. How many a fond mother is pleading and praying for her wayward boy who has gone astray or has been persuaded from his home through the influence of strong drink. How many widowed mothers and orphan children are crying for bread, because the one who should have been their support has wasted their living for strong drink, and at last has paid the debt with his own life on the gallows.

We learn that in one of our leading cities are found six hundred churches and seven thousand saloons. When we think of the thousands who waste their time in the haunts of vice and contrast them with the few found in our churches, we are made to exclaim, Why is this? and is humanity living on a lower plane of civilization? Surely not.

"Strong drink is dangerous;" at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. And is it not dreadful to think that amid the blaze of gospel light man will drift on down a course at the end of which he sees destruction awaiting him, and thus miss his road to heaven? The nineteenth century itself is getting ashamed of spending one cent each for the heathen and sixteen dollars per average man for drink bill. Against this traffic in human souls the weapons of a three-hinged argument can be brought to bear. They are—the Scriptural, physiological and social grounds for total abstinence. As a consideration, by the way, it is in point to suggest that no Christian in any degree worthy the name, will put in direct violation of the law of his God, the bottle to his own or his neighbors lips and cause him to become intoxicated. But the inebriate in the face of certain calamities which shall torture his sleep and rack his waking frame will insist upon making himself a physical wreck by drinking what is actually poison, when there are many stronger reasons why he should be sober, which are found in the social structure of the human race.

This poisonous bottle wins to its ranks the mourned millions of our country. Instead of wreathing the couch of the inebriate with the benison of white-winged angels, it is shrouded in curses. Of whom? Not the man? No; but of the demon in the poisonous drink within him. Is there any of all God's creation with such an unreasonable appetite as man? And what do you think of the legislation that licenses such a trade? A business that requires a man's soul in exchange for what he buys. It is worse than heathenism. And then there will be objections raised to having a minister in the legislature or in Congress on the grounds that

they can do more good somewhere else. And now may we ask this question, Where are Christian men more needed than at the head of our government? And we long for more of them and hope that the day is fast approaching that none but honorable Christians be allowed to make laws. Give us a purer government and we will boast of a purer people. Then, and not till then, will the right be held up and the liquor traffic be condemned. And we are now looking forward to a time when our Christianity will become so perfect that every saloon and every distillery in this grand republic of ours will have to close their doors, and close them that they may never be opened again, because their business is so bad and so unreasonable that they may lack custom. If this idea of laying the axe to the root of the tree of intemperance instead of the branches would be nursed by the high-souled Christian people, it would soon, like a golden aureole, encircle their heads with the praise of a nation, inspiring weaker ones to help carry the standard, gladden hearts made desolate through the licensed traffic in strong drink and march recruits from the gutter to the mountain top of soberness and high-minded virtue.

Strong drink in any degree of adulteration tends to poison the physical body, severs friendships, fills our jails and asylums, makes dishonored graves in burying grounds and brings a man face to face with an awful judgment. Now would you shun this dreadful evil and avoid being drifted into the quicksand of ruin? Then rely on your manhood, remembering that the God who created you has given you the strength to be a man firm and resolute. Man was created for a purpose true and noble. Then why not live up to the ideal of a true man and entertain grand ideas that have been on the march from eternity? And to Christian workers let the impulse come as a stream from a mighty fountain to enlist in this grand work and renew the temperance banner now flaunting its ragged edges into the face of our moralists, and let us put forth an effort to bury this curse of strong drink so deep that it may leave the fair face of our country as though it had not been.

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The path of glory for a life lies not away among the cold mountains of earthly honor, not in any paths of fame where worldly ambition climbs, but close beside us, in the lowly ways of Christ like ministry. He who stoops to serve the poor and the suffering, in Christ's name, will find at length that he has served Christ himself. "I was a-hungred, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink."—J. R. Miller.